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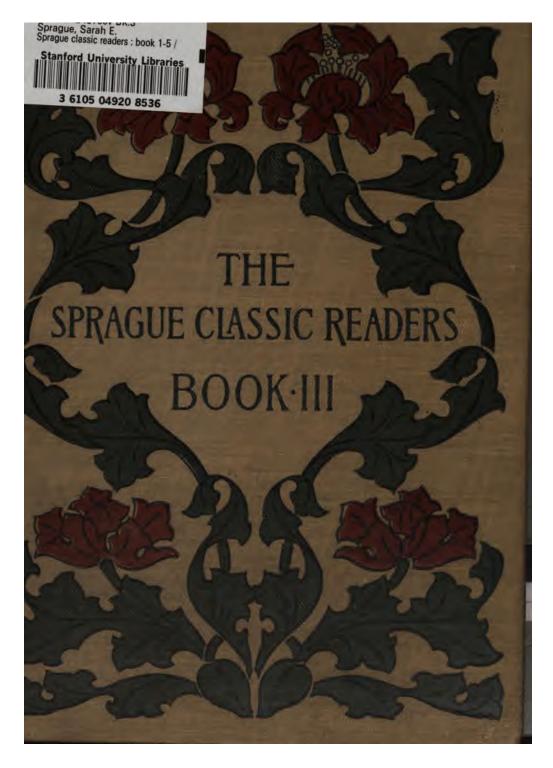
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"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For ye are living peems,
And all the rest are dead?"

The Sprague Classic Readers

BOOK THREE

BY SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.

Nothing that is good is too good for the child.

— Col. Francis Wayland Parker.

Educational Publishing Company

Boston

new york

Chicago

San Francisco

C

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FOREWORD.

Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,

And the wisdom of our books,

When compared with your caresses,

And the gladness of your looks!

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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PREFACE.

In General. Reading has two distinct stages, viz., learning to read, and reading to learn. With the completion of the present volume, the mechanical difficulties of the first stage should be conquered, and future reading, of a simple sort, should be an unmixed pleasure to the child. The interpretation of the deeper emotions and more complex thinking is properly relegated to higher grades, being quite beyond the powers of an ordinary child of seven or eight years.

Scope. The horizon is much widened and the lessons call for more imagination and more thinking power, requiring, also, more dramatic insight and greater control of the vocal organs for correct oral inter-

pretation on the part of the pupils.

Grading. The same care has been taken as heretofore and the pupil will read easily the lessons of Book Three, after having completed Books One and Two as planned.

METHODS. It is of vital importance that the child's interest be aroused and kept active. Draw upon the child's imagination, give the lesson its proper setting by means of objects, blackboard drawings, cuts in the book, etc., and teach the child to be so fully in sympathy with what he reads as to efface all thought of self. To accomplish this, a union of the best reading methods will be needed and most careful preparation given to every lesson by the teacher as well as by the pupils. No careless, haphazard work will win success here or elsewhere.

Phonics and Diacritical Marks. More serious work along this line must be given, but apart from the reading lesson proper. to ten minutes, daily, will be enough, and should include all the pupils of the room. These exercises, wholly or in part, may be taken standing. and should always include appropriate breathing exercises; also, brief drills to secure clear, pure tones and proper pitch, together with flexibility of the organs of speech. The easy control of these organs and the ear training are of the greatest importance. But a correct knowledge of the diacritical marks leads to independent pronunciation and must be carefully taught. Review long and short sounds of vowels and the simple consonant sounds, with the diacritical marks belonging to them, and see that the pupils know these fully before taking new ones. Go slowly and teach thoroughly, gradually taking up the more difficult yowel sounds, consonant combinations, equivalents, etc., until the pupils have a sufficient knowledge of phonics and discritics to enable them to pronounce the new words occurring in their lessons. There must be frequent drills given upon difficult word endings and upon phrases wherein words are apt to blend unpleasantly. For example; mists, posts, breadths, strength, etc. Don't you? Did you? Did you say a debt or a depth? Ice cream or I scream?—and the like. Be especially careful with defects common to many pupils of the school. Train pupils to use the "Key to Pronunciation," given on p. 160, preparatory to dictionary work.

"Busy Work." The marking of assigned words may form a part of the "Busy Work"; also, have many free hand drawings to illustrate striking points in lessons. Constructive work should be a degree harder than what has preceded. Keep in harmony with subjects for this grade.

EXPLANATORY NOTES. Pp 7 to 14 inclusive. Precede these lessons by a little talk upon the Hawaiian Islands and the islands beyond; their direction from us, their climate and products, how to reach them, etc. Also teach location and relative size of Pacific Ocean; follow by a brief account of the Pacific steamships, how many days' sail from San Francisco to Honolulu, etc.

P. 15. Precede by talk about Eugene Field. See "Eugene Field in his Home," by Ida C. Below (E. P. Dutton & Co.), for interesting facts and excellent portraits of author and his family.

P. 37. The English throstle or mavis is a thrush and a great favorite. Precede the study of this poem by a talk about the author. Be sure to get the class in full sympathy with the topic, and have the spring joyousness brought out in reading it.

P. 39. This will be read with more enjoyment if children personate the different characters. Have children observe (from life) each bird named in this and other selections wherein birds are named.

P. 50. Follow the divisions for the lessons. Assign characters, one child being teacher. Study pictures. Talk of characteristics of the months. This is full of dramatic interest and should be read spiritedly. After reading through, two months at a lesson, re-read, assigning all the characters. Sometime during the year, this should be committed and given in costume as a public exercise. Pictures, flowers, etc., as indicated by story, will add very much to effect; also, room decorations.

Pp. 72 to 76. Precede this lesson by exercises similar to those given for Pp. 7 to 14. Bring out reason why "Old Glory" floats from the Filipino school-house. For interesting accounts of Filipino children, see "Letters from Manila," by Emma R. Ross, *Popular Educator*, 1902.

P. 83. See notes for p. 15. Have "First Snow Fall," also, read.

P. 87. Explain to children that this is the same story that Long-fellow tells in "Hiawatha," and follow this selection by the reading of the story of "Kabibonokka," as given in the chapter on "The Four Winds," in "Hiawatha."

- P. 94. Precede by an account of the author, showing portrait, if possible.
 - P. 97. Be sure that class understand force of the last sentence.

Pp. 98 to 105 inclusive. These may be used in the order given, but should certainly, also, be used again at Christmas time.

P. 106. Precede by talk about the author, his wanderings in search

of health, his home in Samoa, etc. Show portrait. Read poems.

P. 109. Precede this lesson by having children perform experiments to show solubility of salt, porosity of sponges, and relative weights of dry

and wet sponges.

P. 113. The overwhelming grief experienced by so many American children over the tragic fate of Red Riding Hood, as given in the early English version, is the cause of the happier outcome given here. In making this change we are sustained by the judgment of the best specialists upon diseases of children, who declare that American children are, as a rule, too nervously constituted to take this kind of literary food safely.

P. 119. Precede by talk of Washington and his life. See "Young

Folks' Library" (Educational Publishing Co.).

P. 120. If possible, have children see real peacock with tail spread. Study cut. Show pictures of Jupiter, Juno, Argus, and Mercury. Explain "Shepherd's pipe."

P. 127. Have pupils procure and examine specimens of blue-eyed

grass. Found in early summer.

P. 135. Mrs. Helen Hinsdale Rich is a woman of remarkable force of character and has won success as a writer of verse and prose, and as a public lecturer, achieving particular fame in the fields of temperance and patriotism. Her home is now in Chicago (1902).

P. 136. See note for p. 127.

- P. 143. See note for p. 15. Commit poem to memory. Read "In School Days," and others of Whittier's poems, to class.
- P. 144. Make as real as possible. Use natural specimens or draw upon the board, pictures of sunflowers, sea-weed, sea-shells, etc., in colored chalk.
- P. 147. Explain meaning of "piping" and "pipe" as used here. Recall shepherd's pipe. Transpose "And I stained the water clear," to read, "And I stained the clear water," to avoid ambiguity.

P. 149. See Judges, Chap. XIV., for account.

P. 151. See "Lincoln," "Young Folks' Library" (Educational Publishing Co).

P. 157. Commit to memory. Keep patriotic feeling active.

P. 158. Teach carefully, for culture value and for needed memory training.



"Hail! Ho! Sail Ho! Anoy! Anoy! Anoy!"

LITTLE PRINCESS LOO-LOO.



How do you do, little white girl? How do you do, little white boy? I am the Princess Loo-Loo.

My home is far, far, far from your

home. My father is a king and my mother is a queen. My brother is a little prince and I am the princess.

Our people are not white. They are brown and we are brown, too. You would call me a little brown girl. Brown hands, brown feet, brown eyes and brown face!

Do you see my bare feet? They are always bare. I never had a pair of shoes.

Do you think it strange for a princess to have no shoes?

Our country is so warm that we do not need shoes. But we all love flowers and we all wear them.

PRINCESS LOO-LOO'S HOME.



My home is on a beautiful island. All around our island are the blue waters of the great Pacific Ocean.

Over our heads is the smiling blue sky. Under our feet is a carpet of flowers. How would you like a carpet that is made new for you every day of the year? All the year long, we see the waves



dance in the sunshine. They bring beautiful shells to the shore.

All the year long, we play on the shore.

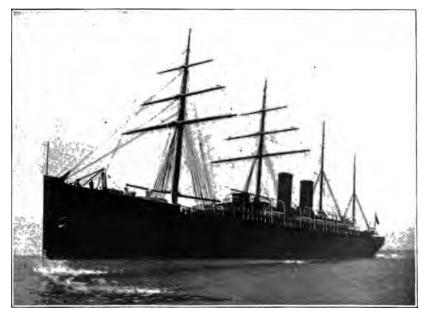
We watch the dancing waves. We gather the pretty shells.

We learn to ride upon the waves. We wade, we dive and we swim. We are almost as much at home in the water as the fish are.

Palm trees and pepper trees give us shade. Orange, lemon, banana, and fig trees give us fruit.

The date palms give us dates to eat; and cocoanut palms give us cool, sweet milk to drink.

There are many other kinds of fruits on our island, and many, many trees and flowers that would seem strange to you.



Courtesy of "Pacific Mail Steamship Co."

Would you like to see our beautiful island, with its wonderful flowers, trees and birds? Then be willing to stay on the steam cars for a few days and nights.

Puff! puff! goes the engine, and you

are off. You see flowers, butterflies and birds. You see grass, shrubs and trees.

You see farms and farm-houses. You see cows, horses and sheep. You see men at work in the fields.

You see plains and hills. By and by, you see great snowy mountains. You see little villages and great cities. At last, you see the broad Pacific Ocean.

And there is the steamboat waiting for you. Puff! puff! goes its engine, and the boat is off. Can you live on a boat for a week? For two weeks? Blue sky above you, blue water all around you.

Now and then you see a little green

island, but not often. At last, you see a large, beautiful island, and there is Loo-Loo's home.

And there, under the blue sky, beside the blue water, will be the little Princess Loo-Loo, waiting to welcome you.



And "Welcome! welcome!" is what you will hear from many lips, if you sail away, away over the blue seas, to find the little Princess Loo-Loo.

15 PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

(To be memorized).



All day long they come and go,— Pittypat and Tippytoe; Footprints up and down the hall, Playthings scattered on the floor, Finger-marks along the wall,

Tell-tale streaks upon the door,—

By these presents you shall know

Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!

And, a dozen times a day,
In they troop, demanding bread,—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar too!
Never yet have I said, "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

On the floor, along the hall,

Rudely traced upon the wall,

There are proofs in every kind

Of the havoc they have wrought;



And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trade-marks, if you sought.
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

- Eugene Field.

DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

I will tell you what I do.

Then you may tell my name.

I do some good things.

I do some bad things.

I fan your warm cheeks.

I snatch off your hats.

I toss your hair all about.

I sail your boats.

I fly your kites.

I carry your balloons up, up, up!

I drive the clouds across the sky.

I make the arms of the windmills go.

I turn all the weathervanes.

I turn umbrellas inside out.

Oh, I do so many things!

This is what I do in the spring.

I melt the ice.

I melt the snow.

I sweep the streets, too.

In summer, I sing among the trees.

I sing soft little tunes.

I call on the dandelion.

I call on the thistle.

I call on the milkweed.

I give their seeds a long ride.

I carry them far, far away.

People like me in summer.

They open all their doors for me.

In the autumn, I pull the leaves

from the trees.

Then I chase them up and down.

I chase them all about.

How I do make them fly!

In the winter I bluster, bluster, bluster.

I am always busy, too.

I help Jack Frost all I can.

I whirl the snowflakes about.

I pile them into drifts.

In winter, I am always cold.

People do not like me then.

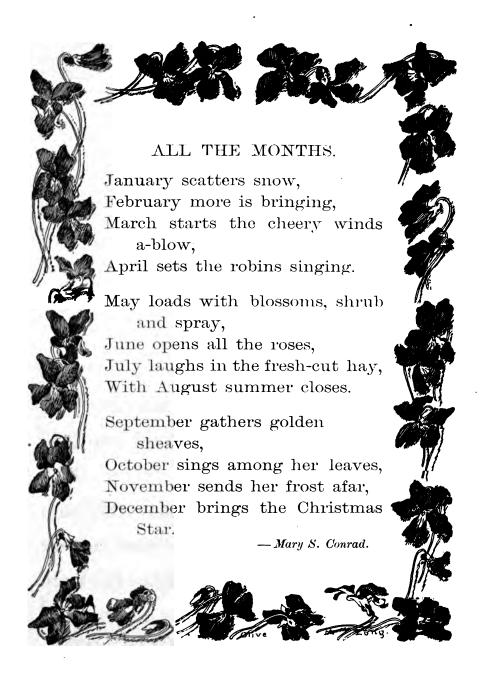
They shut all the doors.

But I am a little like people!

I am not all good.

I am not all bad.

Do you know my name?



THE WIND AND THE SUN.

The wind and the sun had a dispute.

"I am stronger than you," said the wind. Then, to prove it, he puffed and he puffed, and he blew and he blew.

"It is a foolish dispute," said the sun.
"All the world knows that I am stronger than you. Better save your breath."

But the wind would not give up. Again he puffed and he puffed, and he blew and he blew. His cheeks were ready to burst.

"That proves nothing," said the sun.
"Better save your breath," he said again.

At last, a man came in sight. He wore a heavy cloak, for it was winter weather.

"Can you make that man take off his cloak? I am sure I can," said the wind.

"Very well," said the sun. "This shall prove which of us is the stronger. If you do not get the cloak off, I will try. If I get it off, then I am the stronger. Do you agree?"

"I agree," said the wind. "But I shall get the cloak off, never fear."

Then he puffed and he puffed, and he blew and he blew, till his cheeks were again ready to burst.

"How cold the wind is to-day," said the man as he drew his cloak together. And the harder the wind blew, the closer he held his cloak.

At last, the wind gave up. Then the sun sent down his brightest, warmest beams. Straight down they came, driving all the cold away.

"Spring is surely coming," said the man, and he opened his cloak.

The sun kept on warmly smiling. Little by little, the cloak was thrown back. At last, the man took it off.

Then the wind saw that the sun was, indeed, the stronger, and went off, blustering as he went.

Foolish wind! To puff and to blow and to bluster was his way. But the great sun knew a better way!

Love is stronger than force.

IN MOUSELAND AGAIN.



Once upon a time, a cat caught a little mouse. She meant to eat it for dinner, but things do not always turn out as we wish.

This mouse was old and wise. "Wait a little," said he. "Do not cats wash

before eating? No mouse would eat without washing first. That is a law of Mouseland. Would a cat do less than a little mouse?"

The cat felt ashamed. No, indeed; she would not do less than a mouse. So she began to wash her face, and the wise old mouse ran off!

Then poor Puss was more ashamed than ever. "After this," said she, "dinner first. I do not care for Mouseland laws," she said. "The law in Catland shall be: 'Wash your face AFTER eating.'"

And to this day, all the cats in Catland wash their faces after dinner!

BABY'S TROUBLES. A TRUE STORY.



PART I:

I can not talk and I can not walk. But I can creep. I can creep fast. Yesterday I wanted a cookie. I tried to tell Mamma, but she did not understand. So I made up my mind to get one myself.

I crept to the cupboard where the cookies are kept. The cupboard door was not shut tight. How glad I was! "Now," I thought, "I'll get that cookie!"

I put in my fingers and pulled till I pulled the door open. Then I saw something that made me forget my cookie.

It was little and pretty. I thought I'd take it to Mamma, so I shut it tight in my hand. It was soft and warm. It tried to get away, but I held it tight.

Then I crept out to Mamma and held up my hand. Mamma heard me and looked around from her work. "What is it, Baby? Let Mamma see."

Just then Grandpa came in. "Please see

what the baby has," said Mamma. "I am busy." So Grandpa took me up in his arms and looked at my hand. "Why, it is a dead mouse!" said he.

Then Grandpa called the kitty and took me to the door. "Give the mouse to kitty," said he.

I opened my hand, for I always do what Grandpa tells me. But the mouse was not dead and kitty did not get it.

How Mamma and Grandpa laughed over my mouse! I laughed, too, because they did. Mamma kissed me and said, "My baby is a good mouse-trap." What is a mouse-trap? Does it catch a mouse? I lost my cookie to catch one.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches his sheep;

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree, And down drops a little dream on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The large stars are the sheep!
The little stars are the lambs I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

⁻ From the German.

WHAT LITTLE ROB DID. A TRUE STORY.



PART I.

I am going to tell you a story that Mamma told me to-day. It is about little Rob, a colt. He was only four months old and had never been away from his mother.

At first, he had been kept in the barn all the time. But that time had gone by and he was in the pasture with his gentle mother.

In the pasture the grass was green and sweet. A little singing brook gave them clear, fresh water to drink. Birds sang among the trees. The beautiful blue sky was over all.

Little Rob liked all this. Did he think about the brook, the trees and the sky? I can not tell. I know he was happy.

Men stopped to look at the colt. They patted the dainty head and the graceful

neck. They looked into his bright eyes and said: "He will make a fine horse."

Sometimes Rob stood by his mother's side and heard the men talk. Sometimes he trotted off a little way. He was too full of life to stand still long. But he never trotted very far.

PART II.

One day there came a change—a very sad change for Rob. A man came to look at the colt. He talked a long time and when he went away, the colt went, too.

Away, away, he went, five, long, dusty miles from his mother. And he had never left her before!

Poor little Rob! His new owner shut him up in a barn, away from the green fields, the fresh air and the blue sky; away from the sunshine and the cool breeze—away from his gentle mother!

After two days the colt was let out for the first time. What did he do?

First, he threw up his dainty head and gave one quick look around him. Then he was off like the wind!

He was over the gate and down the road before the men knew what he was about. He had seen that road only once before. But that was nothing!

Men went after him but could not

catch him. Back over the five dusty miles ran the colt. Back to the green pasture and the singing brook; back to his mother!

And this is what Rob did when only four months old. Mamma says this story about him is all true.

PART III.

Now Rob is four years old and Papa is his owner. Papa says he is a fine horse and as gentle as his mother.

Rob lets me pat his dainty head and his graceful neck. He eats sweet apples out of my hand. He eats sugar, too. He likes sugar as well as I do. But you should see how fast he can trot!

Pretty Rob does not try to run away from us. Why should he? We all love him and are kind to him.

Horses like kindness as much as we do. Papa says that we get kindness if we give kindness.

If Rob could talk, don't you think he would say that Papa is right?

(Seat work. Paper cutting.)



THE THROSTLE.*



"Summer is coming, summer is coming,

I know it, I know it,

Light again, leaf again, life again, love

again!"

Yes, my wild little poet.

*See preface.

- Sing the new year in under the blue, Last year you sang it as gladly.
- "New, new, new!" Is it then so new That you should carol so madly?
- "Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"

Never a prophet so crazy!

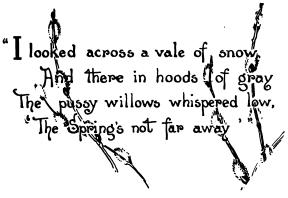
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend, See, there is hardly a daisy.

- "Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"

 Oh, warble unchidden, unbidden!
 - Summer is coming, is coming, my dear, And all of the winters are hidden.

- Alfred Tennyson.

PUSSY WILLOW'S SECRET.



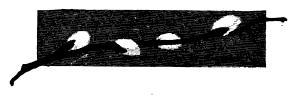
PART I.

I.

"Wake up, little pussies. I have a secret. Throw off your brown blankets. Put on your gray hoods and come out. Spring is here! That is my secret."

"That was our Mother Pussy Willow's voice," said the little pussies. "She said, 'Spring is here.' And mother knows. Mothers always know."

Then they threw off their blankets and came out. Every one was glad to see those little gray hoods!



2.

"Wake up! Spring is here. Pussy Willow says so. And Pussy Willow knows. It is her secret. I heard her tell it to her little pussies. Now all the pussies are out. Wake up, Snowdrop."

"That was South Wind's voice," said Snowdrop. "If the pussies are out, I shall come out, too. Yes, I shall come out. I shall put on my green wrap."

And come out she did. She had on her green wrap. But she had a snowflake for a cap. Poor little Snowdrop!

PART II.

Ι.

"Wake up, Trillium! The pussies are out. Snowdrop is out, too. Spring is here. Pussy Willow says so, and Pussy Willow knows. It is her secret."

It was South Wind's voice again.

Trillium heard it. "Yes, Pussy
Willow knows, and I know, too."

Spring is here. I was only half asleep. My white dress and green wrap are all ready."

"Now, South Wind," said Trillium, "call Violet. Tell her to put on her pretty

purple hood. Oh, yes; tell her to put on her green wrap, too. Then you may call Bluebird."

"I will call Robin Redbreast. I always call Robin. I say 'Wake, Robin! Wake, Robin!' over and over again. That is why some people call me the Wake Robin."

2.

"Wake, Robin! Wake, Robin! Spring is here. Pussy Willow says so, and Pussy Willow knows. It is her secret. But Snowdrop knows it. And I know it. South Wind told us. South Wind heard Pussy Willow tell it to her little pussies. Wake, Robin!"

"That was Trillium calling me," said Robin Redbreast. "She always calls me. "She says, 'Wake, Robin! Wake, Robin!' over and over. No wonder that some people call her the Wake Robin."

> Then Robin Redbreast shook himself and began to sing.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" sang Robin.

"Cheer up! Spring is here. Pussy Willow says so, and Pussy Willow knows. It is her secret. Spring is here. Che-e-e-r-r-up!"

Robin sang so loud that every one heard him. Violet came out in her purple hood and green wrap. All the other spring flowers came, too. Bluebird came. All the birds came. Every one knew Pussy Willow's secret. Robin's happy song told



it all!

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

- "To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?"
- "Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do;
 I gave you a wisp of hay,
 But I did not take your nest away;
 Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
 Such a thing I'd never do."
- "Bobolink! Bobolink!
 Now, what do you think?
 Who stole my nest away
 From the plum tree to-day?"

- "Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
 I would n't be so mean, I vow.
 I gave some hairs the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.
 Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
 I would n't be so mean, I vow!"
- "Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!

 Let me speak a word or two;

 Who stole that pretty nest,

 From little Yellow-breast?"
- "Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no;
 I would n't treat a poor bird so;
 I gave wool the nest to line,
 But the nest was none of mine.
 Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no;
 I would n't treat a poor bird so."

- "Caw! Caw!" cried the crow,
 "I should like to know
 What thief took away
 A bird's nest to-day."
- "Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
 "Don't ask me again;
 Why, I have n't a chick
 Would do such a trick.
 We all gave her a feather,
 And she wove them together.
 Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
 "Don't ask me again."
- "Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!"
 All the birds make a stir.
 Let us find out his name,
 And all cry, 'For shame!'"

48
THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.



An old crow that was very thirsty, came suddenly upon a pitcher. "Good enough," said he. "From that pitcher I shall quench my thirst."

The pitcher had not much water in it and the poor bird could not reach it.

"I must have that water or die of thirst," said he. Then he looked about for help.

The wise old crow soon found some pebbles, and a bright thought came into his head.

One by one, he dropped the pebbles into the pitcher until the water came up high enough for him to reach.

Then he quenched his thirst and went on his way.

"All that's great and good is done Just by patient trying."

A VISIT FROM THE MONTHS.*



JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Teacher: Come in, January, come in!

January: A happy New Year to you, ma'am, and to all the world. Where are the boys and girls? It is time to get out their sleds. My snow-storms are coming.

Teacher: What do you find to do,

// January?

JANUARY: I am very busy, ma'am. I have
* See preface.

to make a warm, white blanket to cover all the sleeping flowers. I scatter my snow like wool, warm, and white, and beautiful. But I must go. Good bye, ma'am.

Teacher: Good bye to you, January.

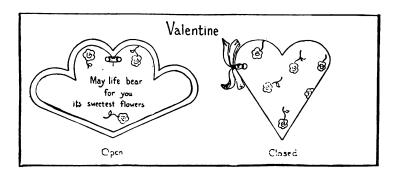
Is that you, little February? Come in!

February: Yes; I'm little February. I bring more snow. January did not leave enough. I shall make the snow blanket thicker; and I shall give the boys snow enough for their forts.

Teacher: Who is that with you, February?

February: Jack Frost is with me. We always work together. Tell every little boy to take care of his fingers and toes, his ears

and his nose; Jack Frost is around looking for fun.



I have all my valentines to make. What would the boys and girls think if their valentines were not ready? But I am staying too long! Good bye, Miss Teacher, good bye!

MARCH AND APRIL.

TEACHER: I am sure that is March coming. I hear his winds blowing.

MARCH: Good morning, ma'am. What

can I do for you? My winds are ready for almost anything.



We can sail boats, fly kites, drive clouds across the sky and carry balloons up, up,

up! We can turn wind-mills and weathervanes, or turn umbrellas inside out.

TEACHER: What will you do, March?

MARCH: I am going to melt the ice and the snow, and then I am going to sweep the streets clean. But first I shall whirl the snowflakes about and pile them into big drifts.

Oh, you think I am rude and want

me to go! Well, good bye. But don't think I am bad! See my pussy willows.

Teacher: Dear little April, I am glad to see you!



April: And I am glad to come. March had so many storms that my birds could not sing much. Now the air will be full of sweet songs.

Teacher: What flowers have you, April?

April: Wake robin, daffy-down-dilly, snowdrop, and arbutus belong to me.

Leave your lessons, Miss Teacher. Come straight out into the fields with me.

My birds and my blossoms will do you

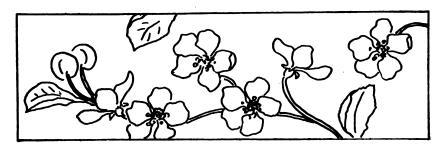
good. They will cure your ills and be better than a doctor's tonic.

It makes my tears come to see you and the children always in the house. You know I am made of smiles and tears together. You can not come now? Then good bye.

TEACHER: Dear little April! I will go out with you on Saturday.

MAY AND JUNE.

Teacher: But here is May. I know her by her crown of blossoms.



MAY: Yes, this is May. Open the doors. Open the windows. Hear my low, sweet winds. Hear how my birds sing. Hear how my bees hum, hum, buzz, buzz, among my flowers.

Look around. See my sheep and my little white lambs nibbling the clover. See the cows and horses, too. Don't they look happy out there?

TEACHER: Tell me about your flowers.



MAY: My blossoms are all about. I load every tree, and shrub, and spray; and I scatter them all over the ground.

Did you ever see so many

violets? Blue violets, white violets, yellow violets! Do you think it is true that

"April showers bring May flowers"?

Make a new rule. Do not frown over bad lessons. Put on a pretty gown and come out—or say good bye.

TEACHER: May was full of blossoms and songs. The month was rather like a pleasant story all through.

But here comes June, sweet June. She has roses in her hands and roses on her head. Good morrow to June!

JUNE: Good morrow, Miss Teacher. Are not my roses beautiful? Did you ever see a prettier crown? Red roses, white roses, yellow roses.

TEACHER: May had her blossoms, too.

June: May had apple blossoms and violets; but I have roses. And I have my clover fields where the bees are at work.



Come out with the girls and boys. Let us be happy together.

Teacher: Yes, dear June, we will be happy together. We will find your pleasant clover fields. We will drink in the sweet June air. We will watch the bees at work. We will find your roses.

After this, the children and I will go out

with all the months. They will give us our best lessons.

JULY AND AUGUST.

TEACHER: Is this July coming so soon?

July: Yes, June has run away leaving me her fresh-cut clover. Does it not smell sweet? I am drying it for the sheep and the lambs, the cows and the horses, to eat in winter.

Teacher: All this must keep you busy.

July: Yes, I am, indeed, very busy now. "The Fourth" is close by. Ask the children if their flags are ready; and their



firecrackers. They may have as many flags as they please—the more the better. But I'm afraid of those firecrackers! Now I'm off again!

Teacher: July went off almost like a firecracker himself. Who comes with water-lilies on her head?



August: I am August, the last month of the summer. July took away "the Fourth" with its flags and its firecrackers. I bring you soft, warm days, just right for slumbers

Teacher: What other pleasant things do you bring us, August?

August: Come to the sea-shore where tinted shells await you. See how the waves rise and fall. Bring the children to the sea-shore. Let them all come!

TEACHER: We can not all go there.



August: Then come to the mountains. Look at the great, silent mountains. The clouds lie about their heads fold on fold, fold on fold. Be happy, be free!

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

Teacher: August was right. I had the sea-shore and the mountains for a month! Now I am all ready for school again. And here is September.

September: Oh, yes; I am September. Every one knows me by the children. I have brought them back to school. See how rosy and happy they look. You must not keep them in the school-room all the time. Bring them out to see my flowers.



TEACHER: What flowers have you, September?

September: There are sunflowers and milkweed, goldenrod and asters. I have late dandelions and clover, too.

TEACHER: Any others?



September: There are pansies of many colors. White ones, like my white clouds; brown ones, like my earth; blue ones, like the deep blue sky; and some are as purple as shadows. And then see my sheaves of golden corn! Come out every day.

TEACHER: Thank you, September. We

will go out every day. Now who comes wearing a crown of grapes?

October: I am October. I am queen of all the months. I give you frosty nights and sunny days. I bring you most beauti-



ful leaves—all green and gold and red together. I give you grapes, purple and white and green.

TEACHER: Have you many fruits?

October: I give you apples, orchards





full of them! I give the squirrels nuts to crack. You can not crack a nut as they can! Come out into "October's bright blue weather." See what a tonic it will be.

Teacher: I do not need a tonic now, but I shall go out with the children. We like nuts, and we like apples, too. We will eat your grapes and make crowns of your beautiful leaves. You are, indeed, a queen.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

TEACHER: Who is this? Why does he carry those ears of corn and that great, yellow pumpkin?



NOVEMBER: I carry the



corn for my turkeys and this is a pumpkin for a pie. You will have the turkey and the pumpkin pie on

Thanksgiving—with other good things.

Tell the children of the first Thanksgiving day. Tell them to be thankful for all mercies. Sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." TEACHER: And who is this last month, with the bright, bright star?



THE CHRIST CHILD.

Ittenback.

DECEMBER: I am December. This is the Christmas star that you see.

I give the children Santa Claus and Christmas trees. I give them Christmas itself—the birthday of the Christ-Child. Is not that enough for one month to do?

Teacher: It is enough, dear December! All the children love you for Christmas—the birthday of the Christ-Child.

"Away in a manger,
No crib for His bed;
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay."



MADONNA AND CHILD.

Correggio.

THANK YOU AND GOOD BYE.

TEACHER:

And now, my dears, a "thank you" sing To all the months for what they bring.

CHILDREN:

We thank you one, we thank you all, For spring and summer, winter, fall.

Teacher: Which do you like best?



RING-A-RING-A-ROUNDER

CHILDREN:

Whichever month becomes the host,

That month we always like the most!

Teacher:

Months may come and months may go,
In blossom time or with the snow,
When roses bloom or nuts do fall—
Each one is good; God sends them all.

CHILDREN:

Good bye, O months! good bye! good bye!
From January to July,
From August time until December,
You bring us joys that we remember.

TEACHER:

Once more we bid you all good bye—
To give you greeting by and by!

LITTLE MODESTA.*



Modesta is a little Filipino girl. She is as brown as Loo-Loo is; but she is not a princess like Loo-Loo. Her home is a little bamboo hut covered with bark and dried grasses.

* See preface.

Modesta sleeps on the strips of bamboo that make the floor of the hut and has no soft pillow for her head. It is a hard bed; but she does not seem to mind it.

Happy, loving hearts may be found in a hut as well as in a palace. Little Modesta has a loving mother and her brother is also very kind to her.

In pleasant weather, Modesta lives out of doors more than in the house and is as happy-hearted as a bird.

The hut has no stove and the cooking is done over a little fire in the yard.

There is no bath-tub either, so little Modesta runs to the river to bathe.

There she splashes to her heart's content, with other little Filipino girls for company. They wade and dive and swim like so many little ducks.

The water is warm and there is a smiling blue sky overhead. Beautiful wild flowers carpet the banks of the river and lift their bright faces in the open fields all about. All the flowers are dear to little brown Modesta and the bright scarlet ones dearest of all.

A river to splash in, a carpet of flowers to walk upon and a sunny blue sky over-head; what could be better? Modesta does not ask for more.

75 MODESTA'S SCHOOL.



Modesta is six years old and goes to school with other little Filipino girls.

They have but a bare little school-house. But, bare as it is, they are happy in it and like to go to school. They speak English with their kind teachers and are learning to read English from their beautiful new books.

These little Filipino girls—living by the great Pacific Ocean—are reading the same stories and poems as the little girls who live by the Atlantic.

They are singing the same songs and playing the same games, too. They call the little girls by the far-away Atlantic their sisters.

And why not? The same flag that floats over the school by the Atlantic, also floats over the Filipino school children. "Old Glory" covers them all!

THE FARM BOY'S SONG.



"A farmer's life is the life for me,
I own I love it dearly;
With every season full of glee
I take its labor cheerily.
To plow, to sow, to reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh, sir,
All one to me, I plainly see,
'Twill bring me health and cash, sir!"

AUTUMN ON THE FARM.

The summer is over and gone. The flowers have gone to sleep. The song birds have gone to the south to spend the winter.

"Tis autumn, autumn, autumn late;
'Twill soon be winter now."



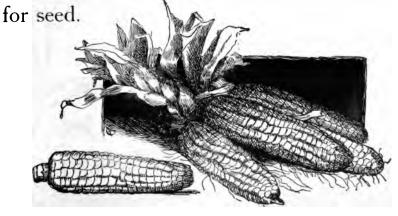
In the cellar are barrels of apples and barrels of potatoes. There are onions and cabbages and many more things for our winter food.

Up in the attic nuts are drying. The boys got them "in brown October's woods." We shall eat them by and by.



Look in the barn. See the hay for the horses and cows and sheep. See the piles of clean straw for their winter beds. There will soon be great piles of corn stalks in the barn, too.

The farmer cut the corn some time ago. By and by, he will tie ears together, like this,



The corn was planted last spring. All summer the sun and rain helped the corn plant to grow.

The seed kernels sprouted and two little leaves peeped above the ground. Next, a little, slender stalk sprang up between the leaves.

The stalk grew and grew. By and by, a graceful tassel waved from its top. The children called it a little flag.

While the stalk was growing, the ears of corn grew, too. These ears held the little, new, soft kernels.

In some way that we do \(\)
not know, the plant spun a soft, silk blanket

to wrap around the ears. Over this fine, soft blanket was a thicker one.

The thicker blanket was made of thin leaves called husks. These two blankets kept the kernels safe all summer while the corn was growing.



At last, we saw a field of corn waving its tassels higher than a man's head. When the corn was ripe enough, the farmer cut it and tied the stalks together.

By and by, he will husk the ears and give the stalks and husks to the cows. They like them to eat.

The farmer will shell the corn and take it to the mill. The mill will grind it to golden meal. Then colored Dinah, our cook, will make us all sorts of wholesome things to eat.

There will be corn bread and Johnny cake. And there will be griddle cakes, too—much nicer than anyone else can make! At least, we think so.

HO! FOR THE BENDING SHEAVES.

(To be memorized.)

Ho! for the bending sheaves,
Ho! for the crimson leaves
Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies with depth untold,
Liquid and tender.

Autumn is here again—
Banners on hill and plain,
Blazing and flying.
Hail to the amber morn,
Hail to the heaped-up corn,
Hail to the hunter's horn,
Swelling and dying!

- James Russell Lowell.

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THE PUMPKIN.



Here is a pumpkin that grew along with the corn. The farmer planted its seeds with the kernels of corn.

The pumpkin vines with their golden blossoms looked very pretty growing along with the corn. And the ripe pumpkins looked like great golden balls dropped in the fields.

This pumpkin will / make pies like this for Thanksgiving!

No, oh, no! Not like this one. This pie has been cut and one piece is gone!

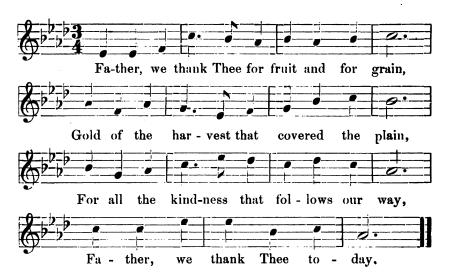
A crow knows who takes the corn. A squirrel knows who takes the nuts. A mouse knows who nibbles the cheese. But,—who—knows—who—ate—that—piece—of pumpkin pie!

I am glad it was not one of the Thanksgiving pies. Aren't you?

In summer rain and summer shine,
There grew a wondrous pumpkin vine;
Then summer died; but in the fall
We found a wondrous yellow ball,
All ripe and sweet; and, by and by,
We ate a wondrous pumpkin pie!

WE THANK THEE.

Angelina W. Wray.



Father, we thank Thee for the sunshine so bright, Patter of raindrops and snow falling light, Flowers of summer and autumn leaves gay, Father, we thank Thee to-day.

Father, we thank Thee for parents and friends, All the good gifts which Thy loving heart sends; Gratefully, tenderly, gladly we say, Father, we thank Thee to-day.

THE NORTH WIND AND THE DUCK.*



PART L

A brave little duck lived beside a lake.

She lived in a poor little hut; and she had only four logs of wood.

"Four logs are enough," the little duck said; "for each one will last a whole *See Preface.

month, and there are only four cold months in the year."

The little duck was cheerful, even if the winter was bitter cold.

No day was too cold for her.

North Wind howled and shrieked, but she did not care for the howling and shrieking.

"I will freeze over the waters," said the North Wind; "we will see how the little duck will like that!"

So one morning, when the duck went down to the water, she could catch no fish for her breakfast.

"What shall I do?" thought the duck.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the North Wind; "what will you do?"

"Oh, it is you, is it?" said the duck.
"You are playing a trick on me."

Then the duck walked out on the ice.

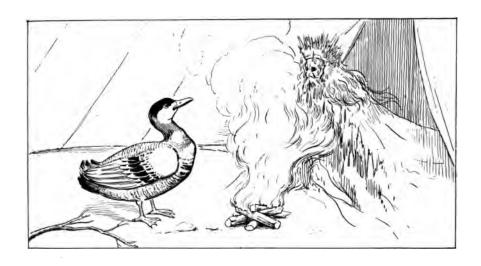
She pulled up the rushes that grew up through the ice.

Then she put her bill down through the holes in the ice and caught some tiny fish.

"I had a good breakfast after all," laughed the little duck.

"That's a brave little duck," said the North Wind. "But I will catch her yet."

The cold North Wind then crept up to the little duck's hut. He crept close up to her door.



The little duck knew he was there, for she felt his cold breath.

So she began to sing, as cheerily as a little duck could.

"Cold North Wind,
I know your plan;
Blow you may
Your loudest breeze,
This little duck
You can not freeze."

PART II.

"I wonder if the little duck knows I am here," thought the North Wind.

"How does she dare laugh at me and sing about me?"

But the little duck sang bravely on.

"This little duck shall not laugh at me" said the North Wind. "She shall feel how strong I am." Then the North Wind crept into the hut and sat down beside the fire.

The little duck knew he was there and she stirred the fire till the flames leaped high. The little hut grew hotter and hotter.

The North Wind blew and blew; the little duck sang and sang:

"Cold North Wind,
I know your plan;
Blow you may
Your loudest breeze;
This little duck
You can not freeze."

By and by, the North Wind began to

grow still. It was so warm in the hut he could not breathe.

The snow upon his hair began to melt.

The icicles on his crown began to drip.

The icicles on North Wind's crown dripped more and more. "I can not bear this fire!" at last he said.

Then he crept out of the hut and went away far to the North, where he could get cool again.

The little duck sat down by her fire and laughed to herself when he had gone.

"That is a strange little duck," the North Wind said. "How brave she is! As for me, I like the North better."

THE CHERRY TREE.



The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;

"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down;

"No, leave them alone

Till the blossoms are grown,"

Prayed the tree, while she trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore her blossoms and all the birds sung;

"Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as he swung;

"No, leave them alone

Till the cherries are grown,"

Said the tree, while her leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore her fruit in the midsummer glow;

Said the child, "May I gather the cherries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see;

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the tree, while she bent down her laden boughs low.

⁻ Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

Once an old fox invited a stork to dine with him.

When the day came, the fox served the feast upon a large, flat plate, and with many smiles, begged the stork to eat heartily.

The stork, with her long bill, could get little or nothing and, at last, went away as hungry as when she came.

After a time, the stork invited the fox to dine with her.

This time the feast was a rich broth with a most appetizing odor. It was served in a dish having a long, slender neck.

"Eat heartily, I beg you," said the stork to the fox as she helped herself. The appetizing odor was maddening to the hungry fox; but he was not able to get one taste of the broth, while the stork ate with ease.

At last he went away, and the last words he heard from the stork were: "Tit for tat, Mr. Fox; tit for tat!"

THE KID AND THE WOLF.*

A kid once stood on the flat roof of a house and saw a wolf passing along the road far below.

He at once began to call out all sorts of saucy things to the wolf.

"You are not brave," said the wolf, looking up. "It is the high, safe roof."

^{*} See preface.

BETHLEHEM STAR.

FRANZ GRUBER.



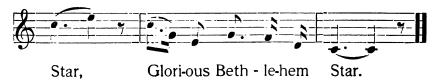
- 1. Bethlehem Star, Bethlehem Star, Nothing can thy
- 2. Bethlehem Star, Bethlehem Star, Shed thy silver



bright - ness mar, Gleaming from the long a - go, rays a - far, Let them bless the com - ing year.



Still we see thy ten-der glow, Glorious Bethlehem With new light and love and cheer, Blessed Bethlehem



Star, Bles-sed Beth - le-hem Star.

Courtesy of A. Flanagan & Co.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE'S STORY.*



PART I.

This is the day after Christmas. A few days ago I talked with little Mary. That was a few days before Christmas.

Mary told me about her brothers, Will and Charlie. She told me about her mother and little Lottie.

^{*} See preface.

I told her, first, about my old home in the green forest. Then I told her about the good man who was to make a Christmas-tree of me.

After Mary had gone, the good man came. Then I told him about Mary and her brothers and her little sister Lottie.

At last I said: "Those children never saw a Christmas-tree."

"Never saw a Christmas-tree," said he.

"Are you sure—quite sure?"

"Quite sure," said I. "Mary told me."
I wish you could have seen him then!

"O, the pity of it—the pity of it!" said he. "Well, well, well. You must go to them. Yes, yes, yes; you must go to them!"

And so I went to Mary's home. It was the night before Christmas. The children were fast asleep.

"It is better so," said the good man to the children's mother. "You can help me get the tree all ready. They can see it better in the morning."

PART II.

Then they put on the strange fruit that makes a Christmas-tree so very, very beautiful.

There were ripe, rosy-red apples and great, ripe, golden oranges. There were

grapes—white grapes, green grapes, and purple grapes.

There were nuts enough for a family of squirrels. There was pop-corn enough for a family of mice. And there was candy—enough candy for ten little boys and girls!

There was a stick-horse—"that prances and snorts"—for Charlie. There was a cap "with plumes of all sorts" for Will. Charlie had a sword and "a gun painted red." Will had "legions of soldiers—nice, make-believe soldiers." It was almost like seeing an army! I am certain you would have called it "Good Children Street."

Mary had a candy rabbit and little

Lottie had a candy pig. Then there was a candy hen and ten little chicks; and a nest full of pretty white eggs, too.

Mary had a beautiful, large doll, with blue eyes and golden hair; and little Lottie had a dolly almost as large as herself!

There were warm coats and caps and mittens for all the children, with a warm dress for the mother; and all sorts of other good things!

But that was not all. There were stars of gold and stars of silver. There were flags, the "Stars and Stripes," floating proudly over all. I did not look much like a forest tree!

PART III.

All night I stood still, holding my beautiful, strange fruit. All night I was thinking of Mary, and Charlie, and Will, and little Lottie.

At last Christmas morning came. All the children were wide awake, and oh, how happy they all were when they saw me!

Such a time you never saw. They looked, and looked, and looked! "Dear little tree! dear little tree!" said Mary, over and over. "You did come; you did come!"

Just then the good man walked in. He

looked at the children and he looked at me. Then he looked at the mother.

There were tears in the mother's eyes.

There were tears in the good man's eyes,
too, when he looked at the mother. Both
were thinking of the children's father
who was in the army, far, far away.

"But tears are not for Christmas," said the good man. "No, no; tears are not for Christmas," said the poor little mother. Then I saw smiles, but no more tears.

As for me, the children made me very happy; and I do think it is the pleasantest thing in all the world to be a Christmastree!

MY SHADOW.

(To be memorized.)



- I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
- And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
- He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
- And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
- The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
- Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
- For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
- And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

- He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
- And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
- He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
- I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!
- One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
- I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
- But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy head,
- Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

- Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE DONKEY AND THE SPONGES.*



A man loaded his donkey with bags of salt and started for home.

On the way they came to a small river. The day was warm and the man let the donkey go into the stream to quench his thirst.

His thirst quenched, the donkey, in spite of his owner's commands, lay down and *See preface.

rolled in the water. At last, he came out and trotted along towards home, happy to find his load much lighter than at first.

Again the man loaded his donkey with bags and started for home. Again they came to the small river, and again the donkey rolled in the water.

On coming out, he found his load, not lighter, as he had hoped, but very, very much heavier than at first.

The master had put dry sponges in the second lot of bags in order to teach his donkey a lesson in obedience.

Thus, the donkey learned that, sooner or later, disobedience brings its own punishment.

ONLY A LEAF.

(To be memorized.)

It was only a little leaf,

That hung for a while on its bough;

It danced and fluttered; but life was brief;

And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf; Did it pay to live at all?

The sun smiled on it, the cold winds came, And then it was doomed to fall.

It was only a little leaf, But on it did shine the sun;



The winds did caress it, the birds did sing, And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf,

But it took its gladsome part

In the great earth's life; and, at the last,

Earth clasped it to her heart.

- Minot J. Savage.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.*

Once upon a time, in a far off village, there lived a dear little girl. She was everybody's pet and the pride and joy of her grandmother's heart.

Grandmother made for her darling a pretty red cloak, having a hood to it called a riding hood. When she put this on, the little maid looked so sweet and winsome that people, ever after, called her Little Red Riding Hood.

"Go, my dear, to grandmother's," said her mother one day. "Give her this cake and little pot of butter, with mother's love. The forest path is the nearest way."

Glad to go, Little Red Riding Hood took
*See preface.

the basket on her arm and danced away. But in the forest she met a hungry wolf.

He was afraid to pounce upon her, for he knew there were men cutting wood near by. So he put on a smile and asked where she was going.

"To grandmother's, to carry a cake and a little pot of butter," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"And is it far?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, yes;" said the child; "away through the forest, the first house beyond the mill."

"Well," said the wolf, "I should like to see her, too. Who will get there first, you or I?" Then he ran off, without an answer.

Poor Little Red Riding Hood saw so

many flowers and birds in the forest that she soon forgot all about the wolf.

He ran as fast as he could and, in a short time, came to the grandmother's house. Then he tapped on the door as he had seen people do.

Grandmother was not quite well that day and was lying in bed. "Who's there?" she called, when she heard the tap! tap! on her door.

"Your Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, making his voice as soft as he could.

"Pull up the bobbin; 'twill open the latch. Pull up the bobbin; 'twill open the latch, dearie," called grandmother.

The door came open and she saw the

hungry old wolf all ready to pounce upon her and eat her up. But, sooner than I can tell you, she slipped into a closet and slammed the door in his wicked face.

"Well," said the wolf to himself, snapping his teeth, "Little Red Riding Hood will soon be here, and I must get ready for her. No wood cutters here to stop my eating her!"

Then he put on the grandmother's cap, got into bed, and pulled up the clothes around him.

By and by, Little Red Riding Hood tapped on the door.

"Who is there?" called the wolf. His voice was so hoarse that Little Red Riding

Hood felt a little afraid, but she answered sweetly: "It is your Little Red Riding Hood, grandmother, with a cake and a pot of butter from mother. Are you ill?"

"Yes," called the wolf. "I am ill with a cold and so hoarse that I can hardly speak. But come in, my dear. Pull up the bobbin; 'twill open the latch."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled up the bobbin and the door came open. The wolf called from under the bed clothes: "Put away the cake and the pot of butter and then come to me."

Little Red Riding Hood put away the things and came slowly towards the bed, half afraid of the hoarse voice.

- "Grandmother, what great arms you have!"
- "The better to hug you, my dear."
- "Grandmother, what great ears you have!"
- "The better to hear you, my dear."
- "Grandmother, what great eyes you have!"
- "The better to see you, my dear."
- "Grandmother, what great teeth you have!"
- "The better to EAT you."

But the wolf did not eat her. As he was about to spring upon the poor child, in rushed two men with axes and soon put an end to him.

Going home from work, the wood cutters heard grandmother calling for help and rushed into the house, just in time to save Little Red Riding Hood.

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WASHINGTON.*

(To be memorized.)



"In the boy so true and fearless,

Lived our hero good and grand,
Through the days of stormy trouble,
Shelter to his native land;
For the little twig, believe me,
Ever grows as it began,
And the child of noble nature
Makes the noble-hearted man."

* See preface.



JUNO'S BIRD.

JUNO'S BIRD.*

The peacock was strutting about with his tail feathers spread out like a great feather fan. Little Kitty Black stood near with his tail looking like a big brush.

The peacock did not like Kitty Black and Kitty Black was very sure he did not like the peacock.

It was all so funny that Walter and Helen went to call Grandfather to see the two.

Grandfather came out with his newspaper in his hand. "That is Juno's handsome bird," said he. "He struts about as if he knew it, too."

^{*} See preface,

"Who is Juno?" said Helen. "And why do you call the peacock 'Juno's bird'"? asked Walter.

"It is a long story," said Grandfather; "but this is a good time for it, when you can see the eyes upon the peacock's tail. This is the way the story goes.

"In the far-off days, when the world was young, people believed in many, many gods and goddesses.

"Great Jupiter was the god who ruled the heavens; and his wife, Juno, was the goddess queen of the heavens. Her favorite bird was the peacock.

"Jupiter had a very handsome, snowwhite heifer that he was very fond of. This heifer Juno begged for, and at last Jupiter gave in to her wish.

"Now Juno had a servant named Argus, who had so many eyes that no one could count them. As soon as Juno became the owner of the handsome heifer, she called Argus.

"'See to it, Argus,' said Juno, 'that by day and by night, you keep faithful watch over her. No matter what comes, never close all your eyes at once.'

"Argus promised and led the heifer away by a long rope around the poor creature's neck. Day and night he watched her, only part of his many eyes sleeping at once.

"The heifer had been Jupiter's pet and

was not happy away from him. She did not like Argus nor the rope around her neck.

"At last, Jupiter, feeling sorry for the pretty creature, called his servant, Mercury, and told him to bring the heifer away, even if Argus had to be put to death.

"It, was easy for Jupiter to tell Mercury to do this, but far from easy for Mercury to do it.

"Argus was stronger than Mercury; and then, there were all those eyes to be thought of. They must all be put to sleep at once or nothing could be done.

"So Mercury played upon his shepherd's pipe, hoping to put Argus to sleep. He played the very softest tones, but only a part of the eyes closed.

"At last, he began to tell a long, long story about how this pipe was made from reeds. The story went on and on and on. At length, to Mercury's great joy, he saw that Argus was really fast asleep—even to his very last eye.

"From that sleep Argus never awakened, and Juno soon knew that her favorite watchman was dead.

"That she might never forget the eyes that had served her so long and so faithfully, she spread them upon the tail feathers of the peacock, her favorite bird.

"And there, my dears, you may see

them, even now," said Grandfather, pointing to the peacock. Then Grandfather walked away to finish reading his newspaper.

Juno's bird strutted about for some time longer, proudly showing the Argus eyes to the great delight of Walter and Helen.

But little Kitty Black was disgusted. "Such vanity! such disgusting vanity! I suppose the peacock thinks that 'fine feathers make fine birds,'" thought Kitty.'

And his tail looked more than ever like a big brush. But then little Kitty Black was jealous, very, very jealous!



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THE BLUE-EYED GRASS.



PLAYING BALL.

F. Dvörak.

PART I.

Once there was a field with many flowers in it.

There were buttercups as yellow as gold. There were many daisies with lovely white crowns. There were a good many grassplants in this field, too. The grass-plants often heard the flowers talking about the sun.

"The sun is so bright to-day. The sun is so warm to-day," said the flowers. Or, "How beautiful the sun is!"

The grass-plants heard these things said over and over again. They, too, wanted to see the sun, but could not. In this field—sad to say—only the plants that had blossoms might look at the sun!

It was a cruel law for the grass-plants. But it was the law of that one field. So the grass-plants began to wish for blossoms. Every day they made this wish. They wanted so much to look at the great sun! But no blossoms came.

PART II.

One day a grass-plant wished once more for blossoms.

All at once the plant heard a faint little chirp. Over and over it came: "Chirp! chirp! chirp!"

The plant looked down and saw a cricket on the ground. He had hurt his leg and was asking for help.

Then all the little grass blades bent down to the ground to help the cricket. Sooner than I can tell you, they lifted him from the ground. Then they held him up until his leg was strong again.

When the hurt leg was quite strong, the cricket hopped to the ground.

"Thank you, thank you, little plant," said he. "How can I pay you for helping me?"

"Oh, tell me how the sun looks," said the little grass-plant. "That will pay me."

So the cricket told her that the sun was very large, very warm, very bright, and very, very beautiful.

This made the grass-plant quite happy. "Thank you," said she, as the cricket hopped away. "That is almost as good as having blossoms."

PART III.

All this time the sun was looking down at this field. And he saw the lovely thing done by the little grass-plant.

"That was a kind act," smiled the sun.

"That was a very kind act. It is what I like to see."

Then he sent a troop of bright sunbeams down into the field.

"Find that very plant," said he, "and kiss every one of its little blades."

Down came the troop of sunbeams. And down came the warm kisses upon the little grass-blades!

But that was not all. The next morning, each little blade had a blossom on it! The blossom had a lovely blue crown and a golden heart.

Some children going into the field to play saw this new flower, and said: "Just see that blue-eyed grass! How pretty it is!" And to this day the people call it the blueeyed grass.

The new flower looks at the sun all day long. At night, it folds its blue crown upon its golden heart and sleeps till the morning sunshine wakens it.

PART IV.

And what of the cruel field law? Oh, no one ever heard of that again! And, for my part, I often think there never was such a law at all! How could there be? Nature's laws are kind laws.

Plants with blossoms may, indeed, look at the sun. And plants without blossoms may do the same. I think it must always have been so.

This we all know: The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers alone, but for the joy of the whole world.

And one thing more we know: A kind act will always bring sunshine; and love will blossom into beautiful deeds.

I think that this is what the little story has really been saying to us all the time!

THE FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.





LILACS.

J. E. Millais.

LILACS.*

They grew beside the mossy wells,

These plumy, fragrant things;

Hence with their buds the teardrop swells,

For childhood's vanished springs.

The happy dawn of soul was ours,

When mother's loving hand

Gave to our dimpled palms the flowers

No teacher could withstand.

The wee sunbonnet, white as snow,

She tied — a kiss within —

In heaven with lilacs sweet, I know,

God's morning will begin.

- Helen Hinsdale Rich.

^{*} See preface.

FIELD ASTERS.*

By the brookside, by the wayside, in the field, and in the wood, I grow. In almost any place where my slender brown roots can get a footing, you may find me.

My stem is stiff and woody and not easily broken.

It pushes its way up through the soil beside the pasture bars, by an old gate, in the country tence-corners or beside an old stone wall.

You will know from this that my home is in the country and that I am a field-flower. I wonder if you also know that my pretty name means a star?

My numerous sprays are loaded with

beautiful little star-like blossoms and so I was called the aster or star blossom.

My blossoms are so numerous that it would be hard to count them; and each blossom is of two colors.

The center is yellow, but the outer rim—called the rays of my little star—is a deep, rich purple.

I have three pretty sisters that you may usually find growing not far from me.

All their blossoms have yellow centers like mine; but their rays are not like mine.

Some of these sister stars have blue rays; some have pink, and some have white ones.

All are very pretty.

We bloom in the fall and light up the brown fields with our pretty, bright stars.

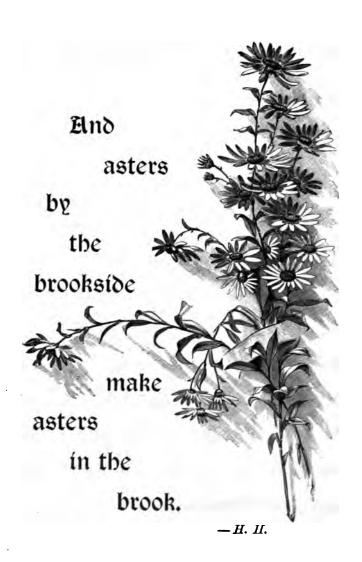
The children love us and we stay with them till the frost comes.

I think you all know our city cousin. She is a garden flower and her blossoms are much larger than ours are.

They do not grow in sprays like ours and and are not nearly so numerous. But they are of the same colors and are very beautiful.

Some people call these city cousins China asters, because they are found in China as wild asters are found here.

People are glad to have these city cousins of ours in their gardens. Their bright faces are often seen until snow falls.



A LEGEND OF THE ASTER.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a little star became discontented.

In its place in the silent sky, it had twinkled and shone no one could even dream how long.

"Must we stay here forever?" he said to his twinkling companions. "For my part, I am tired of this place. I wish I could go down to earth to live."

"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" said a group of his companions, with one voice.

The kind Mother Moon heard what the discontented stars said and for a moment her light was clouded over.

At last she said to them: "You may go;

but you must try to make the earth as bright as you have made the heavens."

So, on a bright evening in November, these little stars left their place in the heavens.

Down, down to earth they came like a shower of bright jewels, and no one saw that group of stars again.

Many months later, people found the place where the stars had fallen, covered over with new flowers.

These flowers had yellow centers and rays of other colors.

Some flowers had rays as blue as the sky itself. Some were as white as summer clouds. Some were as pink as the clouds

at sunrise; and some were as purple as the twilight shadows.

People looked at the new flowers and thought they seemed like little bright stars in the fields.

Then they thought of the falling stars of that far-away November night, and said: "Let us give these new flowers the star name—'asters.'"

And asters—or star-flowers—they have been from that day to this.



THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

"And then the dark will all be light."

Reach downward to the sunless days

Wherein our guides are blind as we,

And faith is small and hope delays;

Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,

And let us feel the light of Thee!

- John Greenleaf Whittier.



LILACS.

J. E. Millais.

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Some of these sister stars have blue rays; some have pink, and some have white ones.
All are very pretty.

- "Pipe a song about the lamb."

 So I piped with merry cheer.
- "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped; he wept to hear.
- "Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.
- "Piper, sit thee down and write,
 In a book that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,
 - And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

SAMSON'S RIDDLE.*

Samson, the strongest man of the world, once took a journey. On the way he met a young lion.

Samson had nothing in his hand, but he easily killed the lion. Then he went on his way, telling no one what he had done.

And once again he took a journey to the same place. This time he turned aside to see the place where he had left the body of the lion.

And behold, a swarm of wild bees had settled among the bones of the lion and filled the space with honey.

Samson ate of the honey and took some of it to his father and mother; and they,

*See preface.

also, ate of the honey. But Samson told no one where he had found the honey nor about killing the young lion.

After a time, Samson made a feast for young men; and at the feast he gave them this riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

"And seven days have you in which to guess my riddle," said Samson, "for, behold, the length of the feast is seven days."

Then those at the feast tried for three days, and not one of them all could guess the riddle. But on the seventh day they got the answer from Samson's wife.

What was it?

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*



His father and mother thought Abraham Lincoln was the finest baby ever born.

"He shall learn to read," said his father.

"He shall learn just as soon as he is old enough. He shall go to school, too."

* See preface.

Poor Thomas Lincoln had no chance to go to school. He could not read until he was a man. He wanted his little son to have a better chance than he had had.

Abraham soon grew to be a fine boy. He began to read almost as soon as he could walk. His father was very proud of him.

The family was very poor. Their home was but a poor log cabin near the forest. "Little Abe" could look out between the logs and see the stars as he lay in bed at night.

His clothes were all cut and made by his hard-working mother. She clipped the wool from the sheep, spun it into coarse yarn, and then wove it into coarse cloth.

She made him leggins from deer skin

and moccasins out of bear skin. His cap was made from raccoon skin.

Most of their food came from the forest. Sometimes a bear was shot, and sometimes a deer or raccoon.

They were so poor that by the time "Little Abe" was eight years old he knew how to set traps for rabbits and shoot birds for food.

He did not like to do this and the first time he shot a bird he cried over it. It seemed so cruel to hurt a little bird.

There were no churches and no schools near them. Neighbors were few and far apart. The nearest one was a mile away.

All that the boy learned was from his mother and from the books he borrowed.

These were few enough, but he read them until he knew them by heart.

When he was a large, strong boy, he borrowed a book from a neighbor. The snow blew in between the logs of the cabin and almost spoiled the book.

Big boy as he was, he nearly cried over it. But he took it back and told the whole story. Then he worked hard for two days to pay for it. He was "Honest Abe" then, and "Honest Abe" as long as he lived.

This was the first book that Mr. Lincoln ever owned. It was a "Life of Washington." Long years afterward, he said that book helped to make him President.

At last, a school was opened and all the

Lincoln children were sent to school. Abraham was the happiest boy in the world.

What he said and what he did afterward would take too long to tell now. But here are some things for us all to remember:

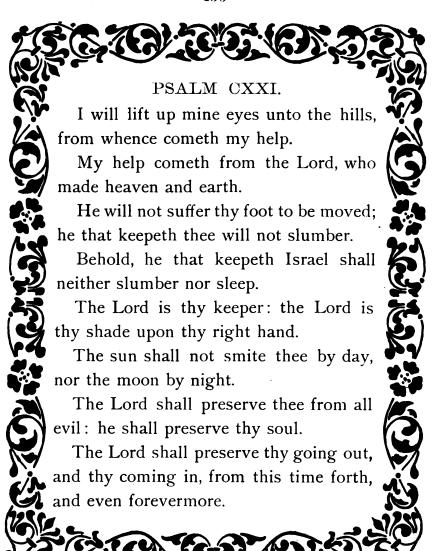
He was a poor boy and often knew what it meant to be both hungry and cold.

He went to school but a few weeks in all his life.

As boy and man, he kept his word in all things.

He could not bear to see any living thing suffer and would try to prevent suffering, no matter what it cost himself.

He has shown us that even a poor boy may become the greatest of men.



OUR FLAG.

Hurrah! for the flag, the Red, White and Blue! Hurrah! for the colors that ever are true! The blood of our veins, the blue of the sky, Are blended with snow in the banner we fly. The emblem of courage—of purity—truth, The pride of our age, the joy of our youth, Wherever it floats, on land or on sea, Hurrah! for the flag, the flag of the free!

For freedom it waves, wherever it be,
The Stars and the Stripes, the flag of the free!
For union it stands—for liberty—right,
And under its folds all races unite.
One people, one nation, and one banner,
too—

Our beautiful flag, the Red, White and Blue! Wherever it floats, on land or on sea, Hurrah! for the flag, the flag of the free!

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MEMORY GEMS.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

- Lord Chesterfield.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

- Goethe.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

- Bible.

"Beautiful eyes are those that show Beautiful thoughts that burn below."

Cowards are cruel, but the brave Love mercy and delight to save.

- John Gay.

"Scatter seeds of kindness for thy reaping by and by." To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

- Shakespeare.

"Do thy duty, that is best;

Leave unto the Lord the rest."

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

- Bible.

God bless us, every one.

— Charles Dickens.

"Time that is wasted is wasted forever."

"Roll a kind thought round, children,
Roll it all around!
Until it gathers all kind thoughts
That gentle hearts have found."

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

(See latest edition Webster's International Dictionary.)

${f A}$	O	Y
ā as in gāte	ō as in gō	y as in my
ă as in căp	ŏ as in lŏt	y as in cit'y
a as in ask	o as in oth'er	С—СН
ä as in stär	o as in wolf	e as in eat
a as in what	o as in do	ç as in çent
a as in ball	ô as in stôrk	ch as in child
â as in châir	ō as in ō blige'	eh as in chord
ā as in sen'āte	\overline{oo} as in \overline{moon}	ch as in chaise
	oo as in good	\mathbf{S}
${f E}$	ou as in count	s as in same
ē as in ēve	ow as in now	ș as in haș
ĕ as in gĕt	oi as in soil	N
ē as in hēr	${f U}$	n as in not
ê as in whêre	ū as in tūbe	n (ng) as in un'cle
ë as in ë nough′	ŭ as in cŭp	X
e as in eight	ų as in pull	x (ks) as in ex pect'
	ụ as in rụde	\bar{x} (gz) as in $e\bar{x}$ ist'
Ι .	û as in bûrn	\mathbf{F}
ī as in fīve	ṻ as in ǜ nique'	f as in farm
ĭ as in ĭt	G	f (v) as in of
ï as in ma chine'	g as in get	PH •
i as in i de'al	ġ as in ġem	ph (f) as in Phil'ip

This Key to Pronunciation is for reference and will cover all ordinary cases. The pupils should gradually be taught the use of the diacritical marks. Usually, this work is not completed before the end of the third year of school.



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